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CHRISTMAS STORY ISSUE

*The St. Joseph's Collegian*

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

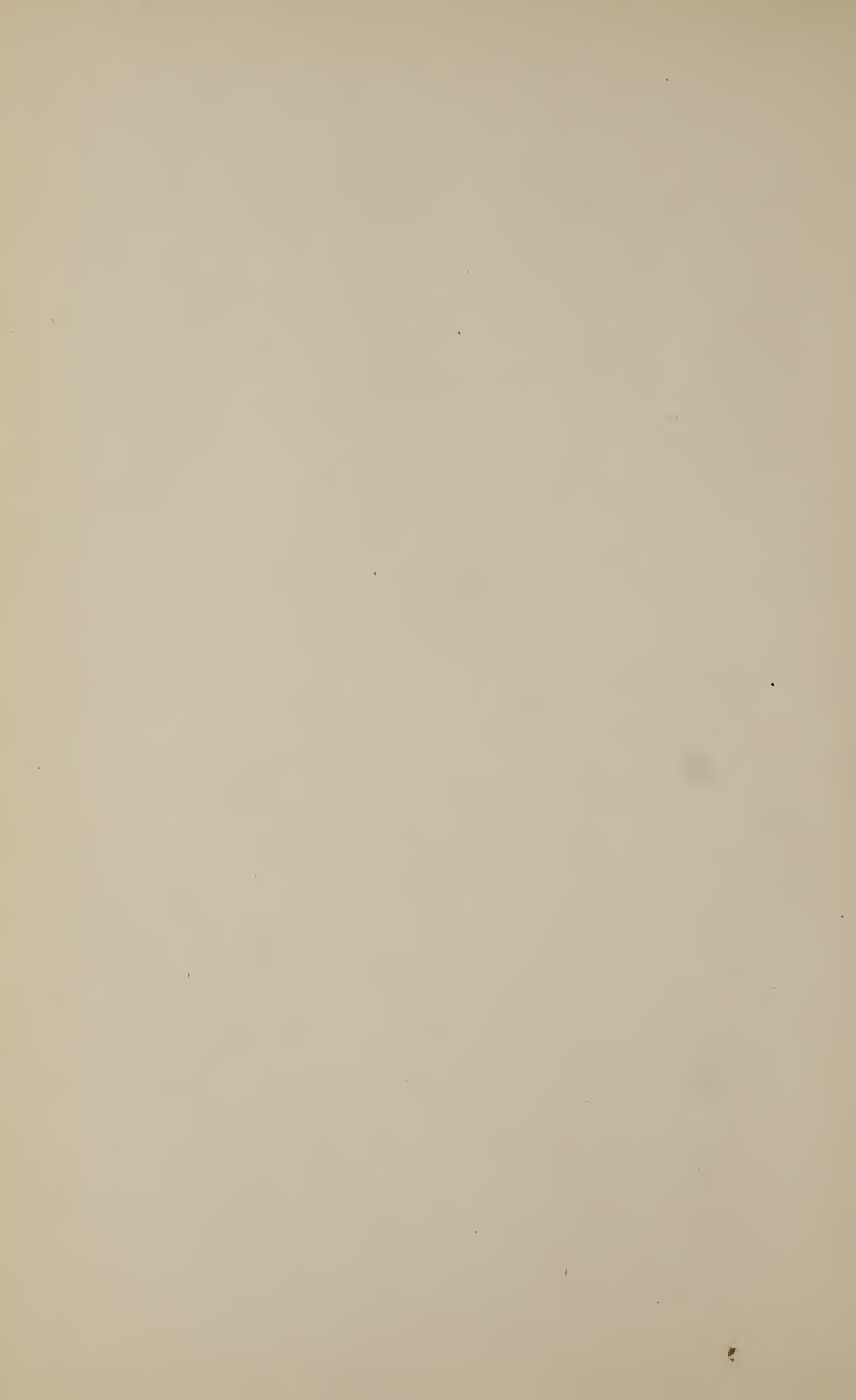
EDITED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR

BY THE STUDENTS

OF

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The  
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Alfred F. Horrigan, Editor

Dominic Pallone, Business Mgr.

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## *That Christmas Pie*

Charles Scheidler '34

ON that day before Christmas the sun had gone down in a sullen haze through which it sent a last tiny flicker of flame similar to the glowing wick-end in the foggy glass of a smoky lantern.

"Sign for bad weather!" shouted my fellow explorer, Jack Marvin.

"Plenty shelter at hand if signs come true," I replied. "Bring picks and shovels, and let's call what we have done a day's work."

That night Jack and I would lodge at Kemmel-Beth-Sur. We were employed by a British archaeological expedition which had undertaken considerable projects in Asia Minor. It was our duty to dig and grub deep and wide all about some stake which a connoisseur of ancient history had mauled into the ground. Neither of us knew anything about archeology or about the worth of things that our spades, shovels, and picks turned up from under ground. We were Uncle Sam's children; we worked for money, not for glory.

"Where shall we spread our tent for the night?" Jack asked. "This hard old ground out of which, as I have heard it said, Adam was made, is very uninviting to any of his children. It is all stone on stone, ready to resist the sharpest point of a tent pole as well as the sharpest point of a pick," he continued.

"Clutch it up aside of the wall of that dilapidated temple there," I ordered, "I'll be at hand in a minute to help you."

A sudden wind which did not relent for hours now rose against all our efforts at fixing the tent. It was a raw sandy wind, grown smotheringly thick with grime, jetting and subsiding in such teasing manner as might well discourage stouter hearts than ours. That a storm was brewing, thunderhead clouds signalled with certainty, but do what we would to secure shelter, our tent canvas could not be managed.

"Ought to tie a basket to it and use it as a balloon," Jack shouted to me through the choking wind.

"Too bad a night for that," I managed to squawk back against the wind. "Let's do the best we can to drag our things into that old ruin," I stuttered.

"Suits me fine," Jack puffed out, "I always did want to live in a temple, although this one will give poor shelter to an idol of my kind."

We had chosen our lodging; but one without much roof to shelter us as the dust-smutted rain quickly let us find out, but we were safe against the wind.

"Sorry place this was for old Mithras to teach his worshippers to weave oriental rugs," I mused aloud.

"What do I know about that fellow or his rugs, ugh, ugh—," this from Jack as he sank kneedeep in mud and rubbish.

What gave Jack a momentary scare proved fortunate for us. He had slipped down to an arched doorway that entered into a spacious room. Our discovery made us dumb with surprise. Presently I observed:

"In this grand old room, Mithras surely gave audience."

"Who is that foxy bird you are always raving about?" Jack grumbled, "It seems to me you're anxious to make me think that you know something worth while."

"Well, what is worth while is this," I rejoined. "Let's install ourselves in this room for the night and for tomorrow. Do you know that tomorrow is Christmas?"

"Oh, yeah, I had almost for-

gotten about it; some Christmas Eve this is for us!" Jack answered.

We now hurried to bring our belongings into the room; above all our cherished ration kit, which I had caused to be well supplied with food on the afternoon of that day, was hustled to safety with care. It meant more for us even than the tent canvas, but that too was stowed away securely. While busy with these chores I suddenly remembered that I had ordered a Christmas pie from a baker in the little town, Kimmel-Beth-Sur, that closely neighbored our temple.

"Jack," I hurriedly began, "continue the job of cleaning up this room. As for myself, I have urgent business in town. It is late already, perhaps too late for what I have in mind. You see I have ordered a Christmas pie, and I had to go to a great deal of trouble to have it baked. The silly fellow at that bakershop could not understand what I meant by asking for a pie. Seemingly the fellows here don't know anything about that kind of pastry. But I got the idea into his head, I think, and if only I am not too late now, we shall have the pie for our evening meal."

Without further words, I rushed off. I was glad to find that the storm had abated. If there were stones in Asia Minor, I now discovered that there was plenty of mud too, and that of a very sticky sort. But I reached the bakershop and got the pie. Two Arab police saw me hurrying through the streets and mistaking me for a night prowler.



er managed to halt me by blocking the road. "Here I am in for being robbed," I thought, "I'm sure they smell the pastry." Upon finding out, however, that their language was only grunts to me, and that mine was nothing more intelligible to them, they allowed me to pass on. In order to guard against further interference by any fellows of their kind, I took to walking slowly. Slow walking, however, with an appetite in my stomach and a savory pastry just a few inches from my nose added materially to the inconvenience of tromping through the mud. To be late coming home, with Jack waiting for supper; what a piece of worry. But I would be late.

Upon entering the temple and shifting through the debris of ages, I reached the secluded room only to find that Jack was not there. He had cleaned things up properly and had even improvised a small table for dining. If I did not want to eat alone, I simply had to wait for him to return. I placed the pie on the table; then making myself as comfortable as I could on a block stool, resting my elbows on my knees, head in hands, I sought to reflect what had happened in this ancient room during centuries past. Had anybody ever eaten a pastry in this room in former times? Try as best I might, that pastry would not get out of my mind. All of a sudden I was startled; that pastry began to grow larger and larger right before my open eyes—open, at

least, I thought they were. Momentarily I expected to see "four and twenty blackbirds" pop out through the crust. But, no. Such things might happen in England, but not in Asia Minor. Here that pie crust would not pop, but it did rise along a portion of the edge to form what appeared to be a dragon's mouth. A flame shot forth, and on it rode a dainty parrakeet in a bright-blue dress with coral necklace and earrings. Following the sprite, a dragon's tongue protruded from the opening in the pie, and as if to avoid that glowing tongue, the sprite leaped high against the moss-grown wall opposite to me. The fiery tongue caught up with the sprite but worked no harm. What amazed me now took place. The sprite seized the tongue of fire and began brushing the mossy covering from the wall with it. Immediately sculptured lettering appeared that gleamed as if cast in gold. I recognized the lettering to be Latin script, and knowing something of that language, I became interested, when someone shook me and shouted:

"Sleepy head, can't you remain awake even on Christmas Eve?" I hoped that you would set the table with the provisions we have in our food kit. Meanwhile I went to fetch some wine to cheer us up, but here you sit sleeping before that Arab-made pie which looks mushy enough to give me the jitters." Thus spoke Jack on returning.

"Jitters!" I exclaimed, "man you



have ruined the grandest vision I ever had."

"Vision? A mere dream, and I'll bet it was a foolish one at that," laughed Jack.

"Don't laugh at me, fellow," I retorted rather earnestly. "There is writing on that wall yonder, and I shall examine it. My vision has disclosed it to me."

"Ah, go on," Jack continued laughing, "your vision was like that of old Belshazzar, who also saw a writing, and, like to him, you have been weighed; found wanting in good sense, and your pie shall be divided. Let's eat now, and while we eat, you can tell me more about your silly vision."

While we were eating, I informed Jack that visions of the kind I had were not to be despised. Did not Pharaoh and Jacob have visions that were significant? Did not Cicero and the older Cato believe the messages that came to them while in the land of "Nod"? Even as these great men set stock by their Morphean communications, so would I in my case. After our meal was finished, I said that we would examine the wall, clean the dirt away, to see what might lie hidden there. I hated to eat any portion of that mysterious pie. To my taste it was something forbidden. It was, however; no longer the large pie I had seen in my vision. Jack did not share in my prejudice. He wanted a dessert, and I was glad to let him have the entire pie for that purpose.

Leaving Jack to enjoy his dessert, I began to scrape the moss and dirt from the wall where I had seen the sprite at work with the dragon's tongue. I was almost dazed with surprise when I saw real letters showing up. I worked with the energy of a madman. When Jack saw what was happening, he left his dessert and hurried to give me help. He forgot all about laughing at me when the stone inscription grew more and more in evidence and into completion. What I could make out of Latin showed me that the inscription had something to do with Caesar Augustus.

"It must be made out," I said to Jack. "Hurry to our master archeologist; tell him about our discovery; bring him here, he lives but five miles away."

"Tomorrow," replied Jack.

I felt that I could not rest that night, but I knew that Jack felt different about the whole affair. He was tired and wanted sleep. But early in the morning I awakened him; we were off for church services, and, immediately afterwards, Jack made haste to call upon the master archeologist. This connoisseur of ancient things came to view our discovery with much misgiving. Upon entering our old temple, he at once made for the wall of which we had cleaned a portion big enough to disclose the engraved message. For some minutes he gazed intently at the writing before him. Then turning to us with amazement plainly marking his face, he said:

"Gentlemen, you have made a

discovery that will write your names in history. This edict which the writing represents has been the object of most serious search for years among archeologists. It is the edict sent out by Caesar Augustus about the time of the birth of Christ commanding that the whole world should be enrolled. I know for certain that this is the only original version of that edict to be found anywhere. The fact about it has often been seriously questioned, but this discovery of yours is of the greatest importance. If you have been at church on this morning you will have heard reference made to this edict in the gospel that was read to you."

"Yes," I answered, "I recall the words: 'At that time there went forth a decree from Caesar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled. This first enrollment was made by Cyrinus, the governor of Syria'—."

"Exactly," replied the archeologist, "you both have reasons to be

proud of your discovery, and I shall be glad to make note of it and publish it to the world together with your names."

Naturally Jack and I were overjoyed at the good luck that had come to us. But Jack would not stop twitting me about my vision.

"Why did you not tell that wise old man about that vision of yours?" was his teasing question.

"Now don't kill my joy," I remonstrated, "I want to cherish my vision. Did it not lead to our grand discovery?"

"Now listen," continued Jack, "this temple was to be searched very soon anyway, and the writing would then have been found without any of your visions and dreams. But you can cherish your dreams; I shall remember how I enjoyed that Christmas pie."

With some of the joy taken away from me by Jack's unending teasing, I yet consider the vision, the day, and the event as the three greatest things in my life.







## Silence

G. Heinzen '35

Silence is welcome when nightingales sing  
Hiding their tender brood under their wing;  
Silence is fervid when old Sol will ride  
His chariot refulgent and gleaming with pride;  
Silence is golden when leaves change in fall,  
And sheaves in the fields show plenty for all;  
But white is the silence when Winter's soft veil  
Is flung over hillside, o'er forest and dale.

But silence was glorious on that Holy Night  
When Angels surrounded by heavenly light  
Carolled their message o'er that lowly shrine  
Where Mary was waking by Jesus Divine.  
That message may God in His kindness fulfill  
That "Peace be on earth to all men of good will."





## The "Knight" Before Christmas

Eddie Williams

IT'S a breezy night, with that old east wind blowin' in from Lake Michigan. Marie and me are comin' out of the theatre. It's plenty cold, all right, and Marie pops up that maybe we ought to take a taxi home instead of a street car. "O. K.", I tells her before I think. So I hail a taxi and in we get.

When we are about half way to Marie's house on Seventy-ninth Street, I happen to glance at the meter. "One buck and a half" stares me right in the face. I reach into my pants' pocket a little sheepish-like, and pull out exactly one dollar bill and two quarters. "What's the matter, Eddie?" says Marie.

"Nothin', sweetheart," I says to her, "only—, I can lick the taxi driver if he gets tough about it."

"What?"

"Nothin'."

And then Marie sees the money in my hand and catches on. "That's all right, Eddie," she says, "I've got some money with me."

Marie is a swell kid. She lays

her head on my shoulder and says, "Eddie, you've got to get a job."

"It ain't so easy to get a good job, when a guy's goin' straight. If that dumb fighter of mine would've kept in shape we would have made some money by now."

"Eddie!" says Marie sittin' up all of a sudden, "I've got it."

"Got what?" I want to know.

"I'll get you a job as a newspaper reporter. My uncle is a big shot on the Tribune. He'll get you on."

I balk at that right away. Snoop-in' around and findin' out other people's business seems like an awful sissified job to me. And a sissy is one thing that I ain't. But you know how Marie is. Before the taxi stops at her house, I'm practically reportin' already. And before I get to my own hangout, I'm takin' to the idea, especially because I'm broke and need the money, and because Christmas ain't far off, and I'll have to give Marie a present I guess.

Anyhow, the next day when



Marie calls me up on the telephone and tells me to toddle down to the Tribune place, I just toddle. Well, as soon as I meet Marie's uncle I tell him right from the shoulder that I ain't no writer. I ain't never went to school much, and when I did go, I just got hard boiled, 'cause the profs kept me in hot water all the time. But he says that he's been talkin' to Marie, and everythin' is fixed up. He's gonna let me cover the crime section 'cause I know all about the rackets. He says that I don't have to do no writin'. All I got to do is get the dope and telephone it to the office, and a "rewriter," or somebody like that, will do the writin' for me.

Well, I leave Marie's uncle then and start lookin' around a little. Two days later the Tribune carries a big article about Joe Petrolle and his gang that don't do little Joe a bit of good. Anyhow Joe did me dirty once when we were both down in St. Louie, so I don't mind givin' him the rub a bit. After that write-up he gets, Joe finds out that I happen to be newspaper reportin', and so he sends over a couple of his gang to pay me a visit. The two walk in my room about nine o'clock at night. One of them is that big Irish lookin' fellow they call "Slip Swinkowski." With that name he could rent himself out as a musician, only he don't let his hair grow. The guy with Slip is Rats Rammetti. Slip does all the talkin' 'cause Rats is one of them dumb little guys that just trails along and does all the dirty work.

I ask the boys in, after they are already in, and give 'em cigarettes. Then Slip opens the pow-wow. "Ya' know, Eddie," he says, "the chief ain't so ga-ga about you being a reporter."

"He ain't, huh?" I says. "That's too bad."

"Yeh!" says Slip, kinda' slow-like.

"Why not?" I ask him, although I know already.

"He thinks you know too much," says Slip.

"Yeh?"

"Yeh."

It don't take Slip long to find out that he ain't makin' much progress. He starts burnin' up. I start burnin' too and pretty soon it looks like there is another Chicago fire. But nothin' happens, and I finally get the idea through their thick skulls that they go their way and I go mine, and if we ever meet again the police department will have to pick up the remains with a suction pump.

Slip is almost out of the room when he turns around and says in a fake voice that don't phase me a bit, "All right, Eddie, you dirty double crosser, get this. Today is Tuesday. By Friday you'll be through with that newspaper job, or else—"

"Yeh!" says that little runt, Rats, "Or else—"

When that undersized, shrivelled hunk of humanity opens his mouth, I boil over. "Pipe down, insignificant," I growls at him. "And while you're down there, tie my shoe string. You little runt, you're so

low you'd have to reach up to touch bottom."

That goes over his head like a trapeze act, and he only looks a little dumber than usual and scrams. "I'll be seein' you in the morgue," says Slip, and then he scrams too.

As if I haven't enough to worry about already, five minutes later the telephone rings. It's Marie. "Eddie," she says, "I've got a big surprise for you."

"What is it?" I ask her.

"Listen," she says. "Friday afternoon, I want you to be Santa Claus at a charity party for all the poor kids out here in my neighborhood. Isn't that great? You see, I'm on the committee and I have to get the Santa Claus. I know you'll have a lot of fun."

"What?" I yell. "Say that again will you? Slower." Ya' see, I think maybe it's a joke or somethin', and comin' so fast it kinda' takes me off my feet.

Marie says the same thing over in different words. Then I begin to get worried. "Now, listen, Marie," I tell her. "I can't be no Santa Claus for a lot of fresh kids. What d'ya think I am, a sissy?"

"Eddie," she comes back, like she's shocked, but I know she ain't. "It'll be great fun, and it's all for charity. Come on, now, say you will."

"I won't," I yell. "I won't play Santa Claus for anybody."

"Not even for me?" she says, real low, in that meltin' voice of hers.

"Not even for—" I blurt. "Aw, now listen, sweetheart, have a heart, won't you—"

Friday afternoon I play Santa Claus. And Friday mornin' I get a polite little telephone call from Joe Petrolle himself. It don't last long.

"Quit yet?" says Petrolle.

"No," says I.

"O. K.," says Petrolle.

"O. K.," says I.

They don't need to think they can worry me, 'cause I don't think they've got enough nerve to do any shootin'. I think they're bluffin'.

So at noon I check out at the Tribune office and go home to get ready to harness myself up as Santa Claus. I'm feelin' so low down I could walk under a worm carryin' a ten foot stack of books. About two o'clock Marie comes over with a Santa Claus outfit. After gruntin' and puffin' around a while, I finally get myself poured into it, and then right away I start itchin' and sweatin'.

"Come on," says Marie, after I get the beard on, "we don't want Santa Claus to be late."

"This is the first time I ever wished there wasn't any Santa Claus," I tell her.

Then we go out and get in a taxi. Everybody on the street stares at me like I am Ripley's latest discovery, and I'm feelin' about as cheap as a Sears Roebuck bargain sale. But Marie thinks it's all swell, so I guess it's all right. Every time I talk, the whiskers tickle my nose, and I have to sneeze. And every time I sneeze



Marie about dies laughin'.

Well, when we get down to the hall where this party is gonna' be, and I see all those kids, I get all set for somethin' like the world war. I know how kids are. "What did you do?" I ask Marie, "Ship 'em in from all over the state?"

"No. They're just the kids from the neighborhood. Don't let them see you yet. Come upstairs and I'll introduce you to Madame Chairman."

"The name sounds kinda' Frenchy, like," I bust in.

"Silly," says Marie.

I always pictured these social workers as sour-faced old dames with hooked noses and horn-rimmed glasses like you see in funny papers, so I'm all prepared for the worst. But I'm due for a surprise. This "Madame Chairman" or whatever she is, is a little auburn-haired stick of dynamite all wrapped up in a black and white fur that makes her look like the Grand Duchess of Pandemonium. Marie takes me up to her and introduces me. "Jane, meet Santa Claus," says Marie.

But I don't like that very much. I take off my beard and say, "Eddie Williams is the name."

Jane looks at me and then at Marie. "Well, Marie," she says, "you certainly picked up a handsome Santa Claus." Then she focuses those big blue lamps of hers on me and I begin to get nervous. Marie is patten' her foot in a way that I don't like, and the silence is gettin' embarrassin' 'cause I can't think of no comeback. Finally Jane slips her

arm through mine and says, "Let's go downstairs and give out the presents."

Well, I can't do much else but go with her. As she pulls me out through the door I look back at Marie, and what I see on her face don't cheer me up none. Anyway, this jane, Jane, is some jane, I can see that right now.

When we come to the door of the hall, I hear those kids yellin' and I don't feel a bit good. But I swallow once or twice, and in we go. The hall is filled with kids, decorations, and noises. "Hi, Santa Claus!" yells some little brat way in the back, and then like an echo, a little runt right next to me says, "Aw, he's a fake." And do I feel good?

Well, me and Jane finally get to the Christmas tree in the center of the room, and I start dishin' out the presents. I don't know anything about this Santa Claus racket, but I think maybe I better act like I do around Jane. So I lean over to some black headed kid that don't look quite as tough as the rest, and ask him his name.

"Abraham Abrahamson," he pipes

"Now Abie," I say, "Have you been a good boy?"

"Who wants to know?" snaps Abie.

"What do you want Santa Claus to bring you for Christmas?" I ask him.

"Could I have the moneys?" he comes back. "Huh, maybe?"

Well, that kinda' puts the skids under me for a minute, but I finally convince him that he couldn't get



money, and to get his mind off the subject, I ask him if he don't want a football. Abie shakes his head and says, "Naw, Poppa tells me dat I should never touch a football."

"Why?" I ask him.

"Cause it's pigskin," he says.

"Maybe you want a suit of new clothes," I don't give up so easy. "Is your pop a tailor?"

"Naw," says Abie. "Where d'ya git dat stuff? My pop's a policeman."

That about knocks me flat. Abie keeps right on. "My pop is a policeman. He's on dis beat. He might come here after while, and den I'll show you what a good cop my old man is."

I shove a pair of roller skates in his hand quick and heave a sigh of relief. Abie kinda' runs his fingers around the wheels and then looks at me and Jane and says, "A couple of cheap skates." Well, I can't help laughin' at the kid, so I bust out into a loud guffaw. But that laugh is due to freeze on my face. Right in the middle of it, I happen to look over toward the door, and there stands Rats Rametti, leanin' against the wall and smokin' a cigarette.

It don't take no second thought for me to know why Rats is there. I'm on the spot, and that's that. Rats usually carries enough ammunition in his pockets to whip the Japanese army, and right now his hand is in his coat just waitin'. I ain't scared of Rats, but seein' a guy standin' still just waitin' to get a

good shot at you, kinda' makes you think sometimes. But if I'm sweat-in' it's because it's hot and not because of Rats. I know he won't shoot as long as the kids and Jane are around. And I know that if I leave the hall with Rats still around it will soon be curtains for little Eddie. There's only one thing to do and that's to get rid of Rats right here in the hall. But how?

I keep passin' out presents, with one eye on Rats. All of a sudden, little Abie sees Rats too, and from then on things get interestin'. Abie calls two other kids to him, and I hear him say, "Who's dat gink over dere by de door? I don't like his looks."

"Don't know," say the other two.

"Let's go talk to him," says Abie.

I don't like the idea of havin' those kids fool around with Rats, but I can't do much about it yet. I see 'em walk over to Rats kinda' slow, and since the kids have all quieted down a little, I can hear what's goin' on.

"Hi, Mister," says Abie, with his head cocked on one side, lookin' like all kids do when they want to find out somethin' about somebody.

"Hello," says Rats.

I keep on givin' out presents.

"What'cha doin' here?" says Abie.

"Go away," says Rats.

"Why dont'cha come over and see Santa Claus?" says Abie.

"Go away," says Rats, and I can see he's gettin' sore.

By this time some more kids have got curious, and a ring is be-

ginnin' to form around Rats, and it's gettin thickest at the door.

"What are the children crowding around that man for?" Jane asks me.

"I don't know," I tell her, and donate some more presents.

Abie is gettin' louder. "You're a funny lookin' guy," he's sayin'.

"I bet my pop can lick you with one finger. My pop's a policeman."

Rats kinda' looks up on that. He sees that gang of kids around him and me over in the corner, and I can see he's gettin' worried.

My presents are all gone. I start edgin' over toward Rats, 'cause he's plenty sore and I don't trust him.

"Scram, you kids," says Rats, "scram." And he starts toward the door. But Abie and fifty other kids are in his way.

Abie yells at him, "I know what you are. You're a hood. If my pop was here he'd fix you up. Miss Jane, dis guy's a hood. I'm gonna get my pop."

Then I move. I know somethin's comin', and it does. Rats draws back and smacks Abie. The kids set up a yell that would make anybody move and Rats starts pushin' his way to the door. Abie gets up, and Abie's mad. Then I am sure glad he has roller skates in his hands instead of a football. He lets one of the skates fly with all the zip he could put in it, and it catches Rats in the back of the neck. Then, like I expected, that little dip, Rats loses his head. He's about as low as they come. His hand goes back

in his coat, and comes out with a gat. He points it at Abie. I hear Jane scream, catch a glimpse of Marie comin' down the steps, hear some heavy footsteps outside—but there ain't nothin' to worry about as long as I'm around. I just walk up to Rats, grab his arm, point the gat at the ceiling as it goes off and then smack him. He goes out, like they all do when I hit 'em.

Then I hear Abie yell. "Hey, there's the old man. Pop, pop—." And sure enough—comin' through the door like the mayor himself, is a Yiddish cop, swingin' his billy as swanky as any Irishman that ever locked me up. "Vat's all de noise down here?" he says. "Vat's de matter Abie?"

"Dis guy tried to shoot me," says Abie, "and Santa Claus knocked 'im out."

Then I whisper in the copper's ear, "It's Rats Rametti."

His eyes get kinda' big at that. "Vat?" he says. "Oh boy, dis is a fedder in my cap. Abie, Abie, go home and tell Momma to have toikey for supper. Ve're gonna' celebrate." And then he picks up Rats by the collar and carries him out.

Before Abie can get away, I lift him up, and say to him just like man to man, "Abie, you're a better Santa Claus than I am." He don't know what I mean, of course, but I can see he likes it. Then he dashes off.

"You're a good one too," says a voice behind me.

I turn around and look into those



blue lamps of Jane's. Marie is standin' behind her. "You're swell, Eddie," says Jane. "Just like a dashing knight. You saved one of my boys from getting shot."

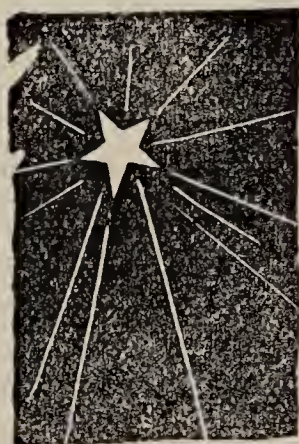
"The 'knight' before Christmas," says Marie. "Come on, Eddie, I think we'd better be going."

She takes me by the arm, and drags me to the door. A little while afterward we are in a taxi. On the way home Marie says to me, "Who was that man?"

But since I don't want her to worry, I tell her I don't know, although I'm thinkin' up a telephone conversation to have with a rewrite man about Rats Rametti that'll knock 'em dead tomorrow when the paper comes out.

Then Marie pouts a little. "You kinda' liked Madame Chairman, didn't you?"

"Aw, now listen," I start out, and then the whiskers tickle my nose. I sneeze, blow the driver's hat off, and Marie has to laugh.



### The Mystery Star

W. Pank '34

It was not Algol with her glowing eye,  
Nor Vega sending forth her jeweled flame,  
Nor Fomalhaut that lightens southern skies  
That fought back darkness on that solemn night  
When 'neath a curtain of translucent mist  
The choir of Heaven came to cheer the earth  
Where then a new-born King had come to dwell  
And claimed as His what evil had usurped.

But 'twas a mystery star that ranged the skies  
Such as the captive Daniel once beheld  
When he in Babylonia must abide.  
This mystery star held now within its rays  
All light that came to minds of Prophets old  
To show that God had kept his promised word.



## Christmas Eve

M. O'Connor '35

While Christmas carols thrill my mind  
I walk through Winter's glades  
And tramp the snow that fills my path  
As day to evening fades.

With Fancy's help, I try to limn  
A picture of that scene,  
The birth of Him in Bethlehem  
From her, a godly Queen.

The night, in cold, grew calm and dark  
But one faint star I see  
And of its rays a frame I wrought  
To hold that scene for me.





## *A Strange Visitor*

(One Scene Playlet)

Valerian J. Volin '34

**SCENE.** Three weeks after the birth of Christ. The simple housing of the Holy Family, a mere cave, is neat and comfortable. The child Jesus sleeps quietly in a cradle near which Mary is seated. Joseph stands at a small opening and looks out into the darkness.

**MARY** (softly). Joseph, I feel that we shall have visitors this evening.

**JOSEPH** (not surprised). Visitors? We have had visitors every night.

**MARY** (joyfully). You mean the angels of course. I think they are wonderful; (clasping her hands) especially Michael. I always do en-

joy seeing him. Could anybody be more charming?

**JOSEPH** (purses his lips). Well—hardly. But, coming to think of it, I would say that I prefer others whose ways suit me better.

**MARY** (in a serious mood). Joseph, it is hard to think that the long-expected Messiah should be born in this lowly abode—a stable—and He the great King. But if the eternal Father will have it so—

(A knocking is heard at the stable door).

**JOSEPH** (going to the door). Who will it be this time? Come in.

(A shepherd enters looking somewhat bashful).



S H E P H E R D (nonchalantly). Greetings to the family. Mother Mary, here is a present for the Babe; a little cloak to keep Him warm. (Not waiting for thanks, he slips away).

MARY (smilingly). Goodness, my Child will have to be three years old before He can wear this garment. But how kind of that shepherd.

JOSEPH (taking the cloak examines it). He means well, and his kindness must cover up the awkwardness of his gift. Good-hearted fellow, he is.

(The stable door is quietly opened. A small boy slips through and looks inquiringly at Mary.)

JOSEPH (earnestly). Boy, you should be in bed at this time and hour. Do—

(The boy runs to Mary. Draws a golden bracelet from his cloak and gives it to her.)

MARY (concerned, looking at the boy). It is a beautiful bracelet.

JOSEPH (sternly). Hum, boy, whence do you fetch this gift?

MARY (troubled). Boy, does it belong to you? It looks very expensive.

(The boy appears nervous, but does not answer).

JOSEPH (kindly). Come my boy, tell us how you got this bracelet.

BOY (nervously). You see, I took it from my sister. She has many things of this kind.

MARY (pleadingly). My good

boy, take this bracelet back to your sister. She will miss it.

BOY (becoming earnest). No, no, I want to tell you that my sister gave it to me and told me that I could bring it to the Babe as a present.

JOSEPH (relieved). Now you have our thanks in the name of the Babe, my boy. Speak our thanks to your sister likewise. And now run along and get to bed; it is late.

(The boy hurries away looking very happy.)

JOSEPH (calmly). Mary, you were right in thinking that we should have visitors. Woman's intuition, no doubt.

MARY (delightedly). The angels will soon be here. It is their usual time to appear.

(A loud knock is heard at the stable door.)

JOSEPH (slightly startled). Yes, it is near their usual time, but the visiting angels do not come through the door. Perhaps they have chosen to do so this time in order to cause surprise.

MARY (laughingly). It would be like Michael to be amusing.

(The knock is repeated more impatiently.)

JOSEPH (opening the door). Have you lost your way, stranger?

THE STRANGER (sardonically). I did once, but I don't anymore. May I come in?

JOSEPH (reluctantly). Very well, come in.

(The Stranger enters; his features are dark and pointed; he keeps his cloak wrapped tightly around himself.)

THE STRANGER (gazing at the cradle for a moment). All hail, Madam.

MARY (looking at him in surprise). I thought the angels were coming. Are you an angel? Do you know Michael?

THE STRANGER (sarcastically). Call me an angel if you please; (taps his sword) yes, I know Michael very well.

MARY (curiously). You look dark; angels are wont to look bright.

THE STRANGER (abruptly). Attribute my looks to the quality of my mind. I have much serious business. Approaching too near to intense light darkened me.

MARY (seriously). You carry an odd sword.

THE STRANGER (bitterly). At one time it was a beautiful sword. I broke the cross from the hilt. Crosses annoy me.

JOSEPH (kindly). Would you accept refreshments?

THE STRANGER (jokingly). Thanks, I cannot be refreshed, I'm always the same. But tell me, did the angels sing at the birth of this Infant?

JOSEPH (good-naturedly). As an angel, you ought to know.

THE STRANGER (nervously). I did hear report of it.

MARY (anxiously). Your looks are growing dark and more and more

terrible. What could be the reason? (Noise is heard outside. Joseph goes to see what has happened. He calls Mary.)

MARY (to Stranger). Pardon me; it seems there is trouble with the lambs the shepherds brought. (She goes out).

THE STRANGER (sarcastically). Undoubtedly, some of them will turn into black sheep.

(The Stranger is now alone. He turns an evil eye on the sleeping Babe; approaches the cradle and draws his sword).

THE STRANGER (alone). Is it He; can this be He of Whom the Prophets spoke? Yes, it is He; the angels sang at His birth, and I shall let this goodly sword sing for Him through His body. Oh, oh, my sight is lost! It is He. Even now His Almighty Father shields Him by obscuring my sight. A cloud, the hand of that Father, is held before my eyes. It is He. I will slay Him, I will. (Strikes about himself with his sword). Hold! There He lies fast asleep. I see Him again. My eyes must have been blinded by anger. No, no, it is not He. His mother is a mere maiden; there is nothing royal about her. Yet it is better to make sure—the angels sang at His birth; yes, I will slay Him. (draws his sword ready to strike). No, it is not He. If I slay Him now, His soul will never be within my grasp—slay a mere human infant, bah! I am to bring tidings of victory back to hell. What



will the infernal Princes, Dominations, Potentates, and Powers over whom I rule say to the tale I bring them that I have gained a victory by slaying a mere human infant, one born in a stable, whom I have mistaken to be the Son of God. My tale would sound to them as mere tittle-tattle. They would scorn me for losing my hold upon that soul, and I should stand before them as the laughingstock of hell. No, I shall let Him grow up to manhood; then I shall bring Him to my side with money, lust, greed. I must be off, before I do a foolish deed. Fare Thee well, Infant, I shall see Thee again. (vanishes).

(Angels rush to Mary and Joseph).

ANGELS (excitedly). Where is the Babe? Why not with you? Even now we hurry to the rescue. Through the fetid air we scent the trail of the foul fiend who has made his way into your home. Hurry, hurry to the cradle.

(Mary and Joseph with the Angels rush inside.)

MARY (troubled). Oh, my Child, my Child!

JOSEPH (calmly). He sleeps soundly. God be praised; no evil has come to Him.

MARY (to the Angels, who stand about the cradle). We stepped out to see what bothered the lambs which the shepherds brought. Something annoyed them; we thought it might be a wolf.

ANGELS (warningly). The wolf was here at the cradle while you and

Joseph were out of doors. Even now one of our number has returned to inform Michael, who will soon be here.

MICHAEL (appearing suddenly). Where is the caitiff? How is the Babe? Thank God, He still sleeps quietly. The fiend could not have been any other than foul Lucifer himself. I shall be off in hot pursuit. The pestilent air he creates wherever he goes will be a ready guide for me. (He is off to meet the enemy.)

MARY (surprised). He seems terribly excited.

ANGELS (kindly). Did you hear him say who the wolf at the Babe's cradle was? He said it was Lucifer, the archfiend himself, he whom Michael overthrew in the great rebellion. But note carefully what we would say. As angels, we shall be ready to give the full measure of protection to your Divine Child which His Almighty Father permits as being consistent with the duty He has placed upon you and Joseph. But the Babe is committed directly to the charge of both of you, and only where your strength fails, will heaven intervene. If you both will guard the Babe faithfully, God's help will not fail you.

MARY (earnestly). Praise God that no evil has come to my Child from that wicked stranger.

ANGELS (joyfully). We shall do so. (They sing) "Holy God We Praise Thy Name."

(While the Angels sing, the curtain slowly falls).





## *The Broken Wreath*

Joseph W. Fontana '34

“CAUGHT again! Now it is the seventh time that I have been squashed in a mile run. Luck is horribly against me. I wish that the inventor of traffic signals had employed his mind instead to invent good humor. But it is said around here in Suston that if a fellow is stopped frequently in the run of a mile, good luck is just ahead of him.”

With these thoughts buzzing through his mind, Frank Haddissey brought his light-brown V-8 Ford near the curbing to a dead stop. He wondered if anybody were taking notice of his new “tin.” He had bought it at the opening of the Christmas-shopping season to make sure that he would have money enough to pay for it before good will towards his numerous friends would reduce his pocketbook to a mere husk.

He was about to light a “Spud”

when someone greeted: “Howdy, Frank, how does the brand new Lizzy ride? I see from its bright finish and from the tracks of new tires in the snow that you have been blowing yourself quite lively of late.”

Frank hurriedly opened the window of his car. Here was his friend, Jack Ely. What he might say about the new car would be interesting. Frank offered him a cigarette. Jack, leaning on the ledge of the window, spoke further, but not concerning the car.

“Do you realize, Frank,” he continued, “that this town Suston is all flustered and has almost forgotten that Christmas is at hand? Well, the reason for this excitement is that little Ann Dumelson has been kidnapped. News of this fact has spread just a few hours ago. Little Ann is the daughter of our mayor as you know. As a news-



paper reporter, this kidnapping incident should be old stuff to you, but I suppose you are off the run right now, and then, too, this new Lizzy makes considerable demands on one's attention. How about it?"

"You are a godsend, Jack," put in Frank. "Pardon me, I must be off to the news office; my help may be needed on this case."

Immediately he rushed off to his place of work. That he was off duty made no difference to him now, neither did his new car come in for any further consideration.

On arriving at the office, he found that he was wanted. The city editor ordered him to cover the piece of news that broke in this case of kidnapping. Being acquainted with Mayor Dumelson, Frank thought it best to visit him and come as close to particulars as possible. From the mayor he learned that the whole affair was likely an in-town job. A clue had come to light, so the mayor explained, which led to suspecting a certain local 'bad man'; but he would place no charges definitely naming anybody right here and now. The police had been tipped off concerning this particular fellow, and the less said, the better it would be for the police in their work of search and seizure. Very quickly Frank noticed there was little news to be had from the mayor and his family regarding the case. They were too grief-stricken to talk freely and coherently. They were, moreover, determined to be reticent according to police orders.

To hear what was being said of the matter in public places was Frank's next move. In the stores gossip would be rife over the Christmas-bargain counters. Here again luck stood him in good stead. Much loitering and listening to idle gossip was not necessary. He soon hit upon his old friend, Jack Ely, in the first store he entered. Jack was no reporter and no detective, but he had a 'nose for news' that could smell out the intentions and the ideas of people without taking much notice of their words. The city of Suston with its fifty thousand inhabitants was hardly enough to satisfy his inquisitiveness. He was a ready "Who's Who" volume for everybody in town besides. Frank primed him with a cigarette; the one and only tip Jack needed.

"Do you know, Frank," Jack began, "from all that I have gathered during the last hour and a half the story runs thus. Little Ann Dumelson, our mayor's daughter, is being held for a mere five-thousand-dollar ransom. The spot where the money is to be placed has been indicated to him by an unsigned postal card that must have been slipped into his mail box at the same time that the little girl was whisked away from in front of the mayor's house where she was at play. I have it on good report that the ransom will be placed as required in order to recover the child as quickly as possible. You know that it will do a great deal to ease up feeling in this town if the child is returned un-

hurt. Police are relying upon such information as they hope to extract from the child when she is returned. She is six years old and should be able to observe something at that age. What information she can give ought to be sufficient to start a clue that will lead to results. Personally I have my suspicions, but they are worthless in the matter before I learn more. What I have told you is all you will hear from anybody anywhere in town."

"Thanks, Jack," said Frank, "this will do. I must be off and get this story ready for the evening paper. So long!"

The evening edition of the paper was not within Frank's routine of reporting, but he was able to work rapidly and accurately; hence when big news broke suddenly, he was always in demand whether it was the morning or evening issue. As his extra work was now done, he began to gather news for the bulldog edition. He knew that the lobster shift, the morning stars, as they were called, would welcome a choice bit of news as early as 2 a. m., but do what he would there were no further trails to smell out in the kidnapping affair. All he noticed was a depressed humor in shopping circles. Since everybody seemed to take the abduction of little Ann Dumelson so hard, he decided to write an article on the popularity of Mayor Dumelson, the father of little Ann. With thoughts scurrying through his mind as to what he would say about the Mayor, he

drove along the street to his next chosen destination, the city hall. Stop lights again began to worry him. "For a man who hasn't got a minute to waste, like a newspaper man, these red lights are more of a nuisance," he thought to himself, "than it is to get knocked down by a hit-and-run guy." At a corner where he was blocked he spied another of his friends, Salvador Rucco, an Italian, selling holly-wreaths. Lowering his car window, he waved at the Italian.

"How's the paperman?" shouted the Italian.

"Busy," replied Frank. "Say," he continued, "give me a wreath."

"That I'll gladly do," answered the Italian. "Here is a broken one which a growling patron of mine rejected. You can have it with my compliments."

Saying a hurried 'thank you,' Frank was on his way. At the city hall, he could learn no more than that the ransom money would be placed on the spot designated with the hope on the part of Mayor Dumelson that his little daughter would soon be returned to her home. Writing with as much accuracy as possible on the case in hand for the benefit of the gas-house gang of the paper, Frank now determined to let the matter rest until the next day.

But the case was too interesting to allow taking a good sleep; hence Frank was on the job earlier on the following morning than usual with him. As soon as the time of day permitted, he kept himself in contact



with the mayor's house. At length, it was at noon, the good news came; little Ann Dumelson was back home. She was not to be seen by visitors, however, neither was anybody to interview the child outside of the police. It was all that Frank wanted to know; the matter in itself would be sufficient for a good story. Already he heard the radios broadcasting the report. The people of the town would naturally feel relieved, and Christmas cheer would take the place of general anxiety. What the police might learn by talking to little Ann would be a matter of future interest.

All that day and on the following morning, no report concerning the actors in the case came from police headquarters. It finally came out that the police had questioned the child but could learn nothing definite as to any clue that might yield results. Frank became indignant at what he termed bungling on the part of the police. Surely the police did not know how to interview the child. Personally, he would know; he had had much experience in the matter. Accordingly he went to the mayor's house with his bright new "tin" and asked to take little Ann for an outing. The mayor and his wife naturally were unwilling at first to grant this request, as they were not inclined to let the child out of sight so soon after what had happened. But Frank persuaded them. Little Ann, having met Frank before, was glad to ride with him in his new car.

On the street, Frank coaxed the child to tell him what she knew about her recent experience. Little Ann talked willingly. Presently she mentioned something that took Frank by the ears; he slowed down his car and asked:

"What did you say; you heard the lady in the house where you were kept scold a man for bringing her a broken holly-wreath?"

"Yes," answered little Ann, "she did not want that wreath; she wanted a good one; she said to take it back".

"Could you see anything in the house?" inquired Frank.

"No," replied Ann, "I was kept in a very dark room upstairs. The woman with me always wore a cloth over her face; scolded me if I cried, and said that she would whip me if I did not behave. Only once I heard her talk to some one else, and that was about the broken wreath."

At these words, Frank's thoughts began to burn within him. The Italian had given him a broken holly-wreath that had been returned. He would find out from this friend of his when it had been returned. Immediately, keeping little Ann with him, he went to his home to get that wreath. His eyes almost popped from his head when he saw that a tag, still on the wreath, bore the name "Spats" Barberry. Upon finding his friend, the Italian, Frank jovially asked—jovially, to cause no surprise—if "Spats" Barberry had hauled him over the coals for sending a broken wreath to his home?

The Italian laughingly explained all, and from that explanation Frank found out the exact time when the wreath had been returned. The time tallied exactly with the story of little Ann. Hurriedly he brought little Ann home. Once there, he and Mayor Dumelson examined the holly-wreath and the address tag. Evidently in their excitement, the Barberrys forgot to tear off the tag from his wreath before sending it back. Here was a clue that might lead to the kidnappers of little Ann, and the clue was a good one. The Mayor insisted that the affair should be put into the hands of the police at once. "Again," thought Frank to himself, "I shall have to work on the evening edition of the paper. This time I shall have a good story."

Very quickly the police had "Spats" Barberry under arrest. He was not the "bad man" of the town whom everybody had suspected; he was an honorable citizen. At first he would admit nothing, but a severe grilling soon brought him to admit his guilt. He said briefly:

"My purpose in kidnapping little Ann Dumelson was to pay back the

Mayor of this town for what he did to me previously to his election to office. As everybody knows, I was his opponent in that campaign. In the course of the campaign he derided me; called me names; ridiculed me in every way possible, and repeatedly said that I was an extortioner. I lost the election, but I decided to teach him what the word 'extortioner' means. I wished to cause him all the grief possible over this Christmas season. Besides I wanted to get five times the money out of him that I spent in the campaign. In all my designs I was succeeding well, but—"

"But you acted like a fool, and like a fool, you left a clue," interrupted a police officer. "Behind the bars you go. A fine Christmas present this will be for you."

With the solution of the kidnapping mystery, Christmas joys again returned to the town of Sutton. But to Frank Hadissey there came an added joy at finding himself the object of hero worship. "That broken holly-wreath," he said to others, "has done more for me than all my work as newspaper reporter."







## The Christmas Tree

V. Nels '34

He stood alone amid the crowd  
That idly stopped to stare  
At a little tree in a window bright  
That sought with myriad colored light  
To free their lives from care.

'Twas he alone beheld the scene  
That tree designed to show;  
Nor the frosty panes, not the tinsel's glint,  
Nor the bitter wind with its edge of flint  
Could dim that inward glow,

Which filled his heart with holy joy  
At sight of heaven's King,  
Whom the kindly pair with the shepherds  
meek  
In devotion deep, such as love might seek,  
Adore, while Angels sing.

The lights grew dim, the tree stood  
cold,  
For him its work was done:  
By the pleasant smile on the Babe's fair face  
With its loving eyes and its gift of grace  
His heart and soul were won.





## *Obedient in Spite of Himself*

Edward I. Hession '35

WHEN Anthony Wakefield Morrison said anything, he meant it precisely; that is, of course, in cases where his wife, Mrs. Morrison, was not concerned. As with most women, so it was with Mrs. Morrison; she had a way with her husband that the poor fellow could not resist anymore than one might resist an attack of tear-gas bombs. If she asked him to do some little chore that was not to his liking, he would always be ready with a plausible excuse. But excuses availed him nothing; he, like many other husbands, could not learn even that much, for his convenient excuses were always met with peremptory

commands. Yet he always made excuses, and when making them, he invariably stammered out:

"But Mildred,"—and that was as far as he mostly got.

"Anthony!" came the shot like from a pistol barrel and that, too, from beneath well aiming eyes. The crack rang through the house, and Anthony Morrison was killed—killed into utter submission. With all the fight taken out of him, he would joggle away with his dewlaps shaking, meek and humble as a lamb. Anything, anything he was ordered to do was done. Besides all else, he had to accept fondling, for Mrs. Morrison would come along, lay her

soft hand on his shoulder and exclaim:

"That's an old dear, a sweet old dear!" Petting words that always made Anthony Morrison feel as if he were dunked in clabbermilk.

In spite of his usual submissiveness, on one day, it happened to be the day before Christmas, his day off from office work, he decided that his manly temper should have its way for once. With no thought in his mind that he could be foiled, he bluntly informed his wife of his intentions.

"I'm going to try out my new golf clubs this p. m. It's going to be a fine day for—"

"Lands sakes!" interrupted Mrs. Morrison, "today is my day at the club, and here I am with only one hour to get ready. When are you ever going to stay at home?"

"I've been at home often and long enough to let my toenails grow through the floor, and—" He got a little further than usual when giving this answer.

"I'll have none of your blab, you lazy thing. Here when I am busy and almost rushed to death, you want to go loafing. The house needs a cleaning for tomorrow, and you'll clean it, do you hear what I say?" This volley from Mrs. Morrison had its effect.

Mr. Morrison slumped into a chair and took to reading the daily paper. His chances for golfing were off. Within a few minutes he heard a car chugging at the front of the house—his wife's car. Down the

stairs came Mrs. Morrison all in a huff. For a moment she eyed her husband; then shot out a few sharp commands and hurried from the house. Immediately he ran after her ready with remonstrances:

"But Mildred, Mildred!" he began.

"Get into the house and go to work, you silly thing, you have no questions to ask; you know what you are to do, and you better do it. Don't you dare to leave the house until I return."

"Get to work, get to work—yes," he mumbled to himself as he entered the house. "Gorsh, this being a henpecked husband! I vowed over and over that never in my life would I submit to this henpecking. I'll have it ended—ended—yes, ended. Here I am in spite of myself, henpecked—yes, pecked as bad as an old rotten tree full of worms besieged by woodpeckers. I merely wanted to tell her not to forget about Santa Claus. Maybe I don't have to tell her,—yes, maybe. Well, Santa Claus may as well stay out of this house if he is going to depend upon me doing the cleaning for his visit. Darn this confounded furniture; I wish I were living in a barn, and—"

The phone rang.

"I'll have the blamed phone taken out," growled Mr. Morrison, but taking up the receiver—"Hey, Tony, that you? Ah, gorsh, Tony, no, I can't come to the golf course; I've a bad headache, a cold or something. I'm not just myself today; you better count me out. In fact I was



just going to phone and tell you. So long!" Down went the receiver with a bang accompanied by several expressions that had more life in themselves than sense.

"If only I had not married, at least not that Mildred, oh, Mildred! Ever since she has come into my life, everything is unpardonable, yes, unpardonable, unpard—well, I better get myself a lunch. My wife will have hers 'a la carte.' Then wash up things, dust, ah, yes, I'm a housewife. If only this world had been made for men, yes, for genuine—he-men—only! Then we could have a continuous stag party, and no trouble—trouble—those troublesome women; all they have been made for is to spend money and—spend—money—foolishly! Ye gods! It is said that women are necessary for home making—gorsh, I don't want a home—a home in which I must be the housewife; away with all this home stuff!"

After this vexing soliloquy which accompanied his cold lunch, Mr. Morrison got busy. Chairs, tables, beds and rugs flew about the house only to be put back in place, albeit to the tune of words that a man finds himself at liberty to use when his wife is absent. All must be finished when Mildred would return, he knew that, and knew that it would be to his sorrow if things were otherwise than spick and span at her return. It was not for Santa Claus' visit that he was plunging into house cleaning, no, it was for Mildred, "that darned, fussy

wife of mine," he vexedly hissed between his teeth.

Late in the afternoon, Mrs. Morrison returned. The house was all set in order to please her, but Mr. Morrison was in a grumpy mood. His wife, all smiles and good cheer, with bundles in her arms that showed him that she had probably not forgotten about Santa Claus, could not raise a smile on his face or bring a word out of him. Presently she said:

"Why so gloomy, you old dear? How will this please you? I have bought a coat for myself which costs a hundred dollars. See here it is."

Mr. Morrison would hardly look at the coat. "Hum," he said under his breath, "I felt all along that she would play Santa Claus to herself. A hundred dollars. Our money is about gone, and that woman—"

"And another fifty I spent for—"

"Oh, Mildred," he now began.

"Shut up," she retorted.

"But, Mildred—"

"Listen, you dear old boy," she continued, "these bills are paid. And I want to tell you that my Christmas savings account has reached nine hundred dollars—my Christmas account, what do you say to that? Besides, my dear old boy, here is a seventy dollar watch for you, and it is paid for."

"Oh, Mildred, how kind of you! Really you are a good woman. How did you manage to come by that nine hundred—?"

"Another piece of good news. I have just found out that our fortune is restored. That closed bank has reopened, and we are worth the full amount of forty-two thousand again. Now, my dear old boy, what do you say to such a Christmas? Am I not a good Santa Claus, one worth cleaning the house for, eh?"

"Ah, Mildred—blow me down—blow me down! I am undone. I did not know that you were to be the Santa Claus for whom I was cleaning the house. I am glad I did it, and that I did it to your liking. But this good news is too much for me. Let me rest a while." Saying

these words, he sank languidly into an arm chair.

Mrs. Morrison tripped upstairs to change her clothes. Her husband continuing meanwhile in the unexpected trance that had overwhelmed him. Presently he arose and hooted, "She is the best woman in all this world, that Mildred is, and I thought that I was henpecked. Hey, Mildred I want the world to know, and that with a Merry Christmas shout that you are the real Santa Claus, and that I, your husband, am now and shall forever after be glad—to be—henpecked!" So saying, he obediently went off to peel potatoes for dinner.







## Christmas Day

J. W. Hamme '34

Across the East a flame is flung  
That melts the darkness into grey  
And heralds the approach of day  
With signals that for human kind  
A cheerful greeting is in place,  
A salutation full of cheer  
That speaks of love without alloy,  
A Merry Christmas.

And as the comely day begins,  
The sky resounds with heaven's song  
That thrills the heart which grieved so long,  
By voicing gladness to the world  
Where sin and death are now defied;  
Where man in brotherhood shall live,  
And each to other shall proclaim  
A Merry Christmas.

From rising sun to evening's dew  
The summons go across the land  
For man to join the angel band  
In singing "Glory be to God,"  
For all that's evil is undone,  
And happiness again prevails  
As woven in that sweet refrain  
A Merry Christmas.

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## THE STAFF

Alfred F. Horrigan '34, Editor.

J. William McKune '34, Ass't. Editor

William Conces '34, Associate

Joseph Fontana '34, Associate

Delbert L. Welch '34

### CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Aloysius Geimer '34

Vernon Rosenthal '34

William H. Pank '34

Vincent Nels '34

Edward Hession '35

John Samis '35

### DEPARTMENTS

#### Books

Joseph Allgeier '34

Edward McCarthy '35

#### Alumni

V. Jan Volin '34

Dominic Altieri '34

#### Exchanges

Chester Bowling '34

#### Locals

Edward Fischer '34

Norbert Sulkowski '34

#### Clubs

Carl Vandagriff '34

James Quinn '35

#### Humor

Anthony Traser '34

#### Sports

Charles Scheidler '34

Albert Ottenweller '36

#### Business

Dominic Pallone '34, Business Manager

Anthony Suelzer '35, Assistant.

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Rev. M. B. Koester, C. PP. S., Faculty Director.

Thomas P. Gaynor, Ass't. Faculty Director





## THE RETURN OF SANTA CLAUS

**S**HALL we have our late-lamented friend, lost Santa Claus, with us again? It seems quite probable that the old fellow will stage a comeback this year. Just when we lost him is hard telling; harder still it is to tell where he kept himself while lost. Much evidence points to the fact that he was very much with us at his usual time away back in 1929. Only a myth of him has remained since that fateful year. To shoo away this myth and make the good old gentleman return in person with boots, breeches and beard, we shall have to discover the cause for his playing truant or for his being lost.

Search causes in

order to understand effects is a logical saying. Could the reason for Santa Claus' absence during the years immediately past be found in climatic conditions, in financial difficulties, or in social attitudes on the part of people. Climatic and financial

conditions could hardly keep the lucky-go-happy old boy away from our doors. Social conditions must be the vexing nuisance without a doubt whereby the tale of his strange disappearance is found to hang. What about the cynicism that is generally slurred over everything that should be held holy, true, and dear? What about the innocent joys of life that are frowned upon

by wisecrackers? What about the uncharitableness that is so widespread that our national government has to undertake to teach lessons in charity? Pertinent questions of this kind could be asked by the dozen. Do away with what the an-

THE COLLEGIAN  
EXTENDS TO ITS READERS  
THE MOST SINCERE WISHES  
FOR  
**A Merry Christmas**  
AND  
**A Happy New Year**

swers to these and similar questions would imply, and Santa Claus will return in the old-time Christmas spirit and with the old-time joy. Let society return to common sense, and Santa Claus will recognize his welcome.

A. F. H.

## CHRISTMAS AND CRIME

**I**N the course of the past summer a concerted attack was launched against crime at the instance of President Roosevelt. Professor Raymond Moley of brain-trust fame was designated as official statistician of criminology for the purpose of giving effect to the anti-crime warfare. Just a little later, at the urging of Commissioner Mulrooney of New York, earnest combatting of crime seemed imminent. Methods of procedure in this respect were devised with a view towards intimidation and restraint by invoking speedy and severe punishment. The publicizing of these methods led the people to believe that results would be immediately forthcoming.

During the month of November, however, the hopes of the nation received an unexpected shock. Two glaring crimes emerged into publicity: the one a kidnaping affair on the Pacific coast, the other a "story-book" murder in Chicago. The first of these crimes surpassed in cruelty and chicanery any other evil deed of its kind. It merited savage punishment, and, although the manner in which the punishment was inflicted does not accord with order and law, yet the abductors in this kidnaping case, got what they deserved at the hands of a mob. The other of these crimes has about it such things as insurance policies, perfect alibis, genuine hatred, secret doors, triangle phanderings; all holding place in a musty old house with its usual winding

stairways. In both cases ugly murder was committed, and Uncle Sam's stern gestures at vengeance did not prevent it.

Now what has the discussion of crime to do with Christmas? Incompatible things they are; everybody will say. But in their incompatibility lies the point at issue. If people would think more of Christmas with its spirit of giving, than they do of themselves in a spirit of selfishness, Uncle Sam's features would not have to wear nearly so stern a frown to keep his proteges within due bounds of good conduct. If more were thought of Christ, the Son of God, Who gave Himself to redeem the world, than of the satisfaction of personal passions which is the curse to the world, people would experience a joy in the face of which they would find crime and its like thoroughly disgusting. What is disgusting to a man, he will not seek. To acquire the proper disgust for the evil things of life, let him then seek his God lying in humility in a manger; let him listen to the Divine words teaching charity and self-control; let him contemplate a God dying for man in order to gain for him grace in this life and salvation in the life to come. Only if people will be real Christians as Christmas Day would have them be; then crimes of the kind considered will not occur at all, or at least will be greatly diminished in number.

J. W. M.





# Alumni



**E**XPRESSIONS of joy and love are most profuse during the yuletide season. Everywhere sadness gives way to gladness. Laughing hearts reflect the gayety and happiness that is peculiar to this time of the year. Hallowed memories take on a deeper significance. Old acquaintances, old friends, old places, bring to our minds the happy days of long ago. Perhaps, while we sit in the quiet shadows of a dim light, we see that old gang again. Outside, the faint wind hums a song. We hear the melody. We recognize it; it is Robert Burns' immortal "Auld Lang Syne." We become boyish again, and join in the chorus: "Should auld acquaintance be forgot And never brought to mind,

Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And days o' Auld Lang Syne:  
For Auld Lang, my dear,  
For Auld Lang Syne.  
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
For Auld Lang Syne."

To all our Alumni, we wish a happy and holy Christmas, and all good things for the New Year.

The Akron, Ohio, Chapter of the St. Joe Alumni met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Schmitz on Wednesday evening, November 15, and elected officers for the following term of 1933 to 1934. Mr. Raymond Dirrig replaces the retiring president, Mr. George Smith. Mr. Robert Beckman accepted the books as the secretary from Mr. Raymond Dirrig,

and Mr. Gilbert Reyman docilely accepted the nomination and election as treasurer, retiring Mr. Werner Fromm of that burden. Present at the meeting were three of the Fathers from Brunerdale Seminary. The Very Reverend Eugene Omlor, C. PP. S. presided at the elections in the place of the Very Reverend Ignatius A. Wagner, C. PP. S. who holds the honorary distinction of President Emeritus of the Akron Club. Father Joseph Gagan, C. PP. S. and Father Joseph Lutkemeier, C. PP. S. ably assisted the Rev. Father Superior of Brunnerdale.

Before retiring from office Mr. George Smith appointed Father Gagan as Active Chaplain of the Society. Mr. Smith thanked all the members for their continued co-operation and urged them to continue during the next administration in that same spirit.

Hard work, seriousness of purpose, are very important factors that guide us to success. Hence, it was no surprise to us when we learned that Lawrence Ernst '32, who is now at St. Gregory's Semin-

ary, was elected to the Crusade's National Executive Board. While at St. Joe's, Mr. Ernst took a deep interest in all things that pertained to the missions. For this he was signally honored, and became Paladin Leader. Under his editorship, the "Collegian" received for the first time all honor rating, something, indeed, of which to be proud. What those who knew Mr. Ernst closely liked about him above all was his unassuming manner and his untiring courage in leadership, especially, in confronting adverse criticism in the face of which he could have flaunted his better knowledge of things and his success in the work that had been committed to his charge. Perhaps Mr. Ernst kept in mind what Roger Bacon said: "He is mad who thinks highly of his wisdom; he is most mad who exhibits it as something to be wondered at."

If any of you should happen to go to the Indian City (Indianapolis) be sure to stop at Butler University. There you will meet Herbert Kenney '33, former assistant editor of THE COLLEGIAN.

V. J. V.







# BOOKS

## ROMANTIC ADVENTURES

By Maurice Walsh

**R**ECENTLY in a public address a prominent publisher made the statement that as a literary type the novel would cease to be produced. The speaker had defined his term so broadly as to include such stories as the Maurice Walsh groups in his volume "Romantic Adventures." If the statement were true, more would be the pity, for the world, and especially the young manhood and womanhood in the world of today, would miss something wholesome because of the lack.

There are three of these stories in the "Romantic Adventures" of Walsh. The first, "The Key Above the Door," published in 1926, has already run through seven printings; the second, "While Rivers Run," a 1928 production, has witnessed five printings; and the last, "The Small Dark Man," which first appeared in 1929, is now in its sixth printing.

The setting of all these stories is Scotland: Scotland with its forest covered hills and lake encircling valleys; the Scotland of not very many years ago, rich in adventure because of these miles of wooded slopes where game abounds, pro-

tected from all but the most ruthless of poachers, and for these lakes that wind in and out through the lowlands, whose crystal depths offer fishing of the finest kind and abundance.

With such a setting it is not surprising to find in the stories of Walsh characters who captivate the reader by their sturdy manly and noble womanly qualities. Though the males may at times possess a rugged exterior, they are not wanting in the saving graces of kindness, fairness, goodfellowship, as well as courtesy and deference to womanhood. Inventiveness of the pioneer, is present in these men of the plain and the mountain fastness. But their most pronounced trait is their indomitable courage, a courage which never degenerates into boldness or daring. It serves them when, perchance, a surprise storm puts an end to their fishing and wrecks their boat, when they are lost in the pathless forest at the end of a long day's hunt, or when, with a chivalry as exemplary as that of the knights of old, they lay low a rival in love or check the boasting of an amorous degenerate.



Such characters are possessed of fundamental emotions, emotions so often lost sight of by modern realistic novelists and dramatists. Although they sometimes resort to their fists when need be, these men are not primitive, and theirs is not a guerilla warfare.

"The Key Above the Door" is perhaps the best of "The Maurice Walsh Big Three." In it Tom King, the hero, leads a kind of hermit life in his little cottage on the shore of Loch Ruigi. His bees supply honey; his goat, milk; his potato patch, the essential of his plain fare; and the lake and forest, fish and game in never failing quantity. But Tom is anything but a hermit except when he wishes to be alone with the books with which his living room is well supplied. While fishing with two younger friends, who, being unsuccessful, resort to a bit of harmless poaching, the party is surprised by the keeper. Tom is not discovered, but the other two are hustled away unshod, and locked temporarily in a garage. Tom succeeds in rescuing them, and incidentally, in meeting Agnes de Burc, whom Edward Leng, the keeper, is trying to subdue to his voluptuousness. The story develops around these three personages, with Tom King's sterling manhood easily the motivating force.

Only a little less excellent (and that because "The Key Above the Door" is well nigh perfect) is "While Rivers Run." This story has two heroes and heroines, though

Alistair MacIain, an Irishman, who has been to the States, and Margaret Brands, a sculptress, living temporarily with her uncle Aelic at Highland Drum, are preeminent. Margaret's uncle and Alistair's aunt and uncle succeed in stimulating in the young man a love for the kind of life that only is worth living, and he settles down on his uncle's estate, completely wedded to the open country environment.

Though "The Small Dark Man" is the weakest of these three stories (others may disagree with me in this comparative estimate), it is far from being without merit. What distinguishes this tale is the strong bond of friendship that exists between two males—Hugh Forbes, the hero, and Charles Grant. As Allison Ayre witnesses this and admires it, Walsh says of her: "She was looking upon the defeat of her sex, for she was looking upon a love that surpassed the love of woman." The two men had become friends during the war, and now, at the opening of the story, Forbes is on his way to pay an extended visit to the home of Grant. A series of adventures develops even before he arrives, and during his three-weeks' visit, continue until, principally through the wise scheming of Grant's mother and Forbes, a happy outcome results for all parties concerned—Allison and Charles, and Forbes and Frances Mary, Charles' sister. The mechanics of this tale are more unstable and the coincidence less covered than in the other two already discussed.

These novels do what a novel is



privileged to do—embody a bit of everything, but that everything always has a purpose, especially in the portrayal of character. The stories are wholesome reading, and the characters are inspirational stud-

ies. Unlike most modern novels, these start someplace and go somewhere. They are best adapted to young men and women on the college level.

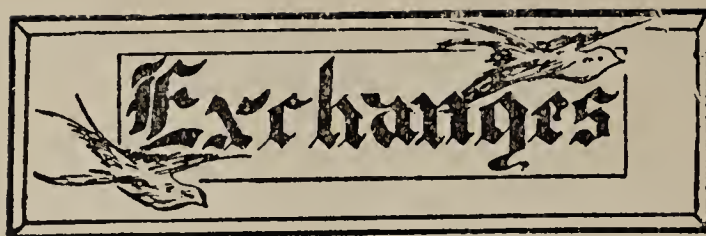
## Yuletide Thoughts

V. Kreinbrink '34

What Prophets foretold,  
And Kings longed to see,  
At length came to pass  
When Christ, Prince of Peace,  
In the solemn midnight  
Left His home mid Heaven's endless joys  
Faithless coldness in man's heart to slay;  
Feuds in life among rich and poor to end  
And bring redress for grief with sweeter laws.

The World has enjoyed  
These blessings supreme  
For centuries now past  
Without thanks or love;  
And with a cold heart  
Binds His hands that blest its groaning wights;  
Multiplied the bread for those who starved;  
Gave to truth and right their golden rule  
With one result, the dole of human spite.

With Christmas at hand  
For man's great delight  
Drowsy carelessness should yield to love;  
Joyful songs should greet the coming King,  
Who makes all men free,  
The World's Christ is He.



WITH joy we welcome the return of THE SALESIANUM. Its thought provoking and social essays never seem to tire the reader. Written in a forceful and classical style, they impart, without fail, problems and solutions of problems about which little is known by the average reader. The book reviews, moreover, deserve particular comment. The clear cut and definite elucidations of plot and theme, as well as the comments both pro and con concerning the books, seem to hold the reader's attention until he has finished the respective reviews. After one has read THE SALESIANUM, the thought invariably comes to him, "This journal has such an appeal to me that I wish it were published monthly rather than quarterly."

From Jacksonville, Illinois comes the Routt College WAG. Published quarterly, this journal made its initial appearance in October. Bound in an overlapping cover, with an artistic cut on the outside, the general appearance can be referred to by no better word than captivating. The arrangement of the departments and literary materials reveals a logical precision and a definite plan. Of no less praise is the quality of

the literary productions themselves. Very unique, indeed, is the short story entitled "The Strange Case of Mr. Borke." There is something of the fantastic, something of the Poe technique about this tale. The suspense is gripping and the denouement, if not logical, is at least plausible. For originality of plot and for the terse but lucid style of the story, the writer deserves credit.

Written in metrical measures, in lilting rhythm, the poems appearing in this issue even surpass the quality of the prose productions. Imaginative pictures and scenes are dexterously portrayed, and at the same time there is sufficient variety in the meter and rhyme to prevent the verses from slipping into monotony. In general, the WAG staff should be complimented on their first issue of the school year, but the journal could be made more attractive by the use of a few cuts, and by placing all the advertisements at the rear of the magazine.

The policy of the JOURNAL of Saint Vincent's College seems to be "quality before quantity." In the October issue, this policy is verified. The short stories and departments are written up in a direct and pleasing style. In particular, the



stories often reach into the realms of the dramatic. There is something about them which holds the reader's attention until the very last period. The "Ode to Compensation" rises to poetic heights, if not into the land of mysticism. To

understand the weighty import of this short poem, one has to read it several times. We anxiously await the subsequent issues of this excellent school journal for, although our expectations are high, we know they will be satisfied.



# LOCALS



## Collegiate Stetsons

**L**AST month we wrote in the Local Column that the new craze about Collegeville was a game called Tutte L'Amore. This month the fad has turned to hats. Everyone is cutting up old hats to shape them "a la mode Collegeville." To effect this peculiar shape, brims are cut off; feathers are tacked on, until the wearers come to look like Robin

Hoods or Alpine Yodelers. A certain Charley Kelty alone refuses to conform to the new fad. We admit that Charlie's old hat would be pretty good if he would jack up the band and build a new hat underneath it. These hats are not according to the latest creations from Paris; they are just a couple of old Stetsons turned collegiate.

## At Last!

The new radio for the Raleigh Club pool room has arrived. After weeks of waiting the beautiful seven-tube Bruswick was finally carted into Collegeville and installed. The arrival of the radio snatched the pool room managers from an early grave. Joe Jacobs' golden locks were swiftly turning to silver, but

now that the radio is here Joe can go back to his normal peaceful way of living. Steve Cvaniga will now be able to sleep at night, and Joe O'Leary will no longer lose weight answering, "I dunno" to that oft repeated question, "When is the new radio comin'?"

## Watch the Birdie!

Monday, November 13, was picture-taking day for the Seniors. It was the one day of the year when all the Seniors were dressed up.

"Fritz" Dober even shined his shoes to have a portrait picture taken. "Red" Rosenthal wanted to have music playing while being photoed.



He fondly hoped that the music would show up on his remarkable features. When the photographer picked a blonde hair off "Dub" Welch's coat lapel, "Dub" stammered something about petting white horses. "Zev" Meiering got real desperate and combed his hair for the occasion. "Shad" Horrigan hadn't combed his mop for so long that he forgot where the part belonged. The photographer made Clarence Pettit stand with his back to the camera and then turn slowly so that it

would not be too great a shock for the sensitive photographic plates. The greatest tragedy of the day occurred when "Dick" Hoshock faced the camera. What happened? Far be it from us to record such a sad event.

Now that the pictures have been taken, everybody wonders how they will turn out. If a person were to look at the faces that passed before the lenses, he will know that he cannot expect very much.

### Bleachers

To see the students dashing toward the gym on basketball nights last year one would think they were dramatizing the Oklahoma land rush. This year, however, there is no need for hurry because there are

good seats for all. Since the new bleachers have been installed, the seating capacity of the gym is increased by about three hundred, thus making the total seating capacity about five hundred.

### Annual Retreat

On the evening of December 4, the local students were given their annual retreat by the Rev. Joseph V. Duenser, C. PP. S. The introductory meditation emphasized the necessity on the part of every student to make himself plastic, that is receptive to the thoughts given him for consideration. Above all, self-examination was stressed in order to discover faults, to mend them, and to conform to a proper mode of spiritual life. The meditations and conferences, as given by the Reverend retreat Master, were so thoroughly interesting that hardly had any one of them ended, when the next in order was expected with

eagerness. Class work may be thought evoking, but it cannot compare with the engrossing interest of a retreat for students.

The retreat closed on December 8, the feast of the Immaculate Conception. The Papal Blessing was given in order to confirm the good resolutions for the future that every one of the retreatants had made. Profession and investiture of the young men who have decided to become members of the Society of the Precious Blood was carried out on this occasion. The names of those professed and invested will be given in the January issue of the COLLEGIAN.

### Skyscrapers

New York with the population of 6,930,446 people has skyscrapers. Chicago with the population of 3,376,438 people has skyscrapers. And Collegeville with the population of just a little more than 300, has skyscrapers. Did you know that the water tower rises to the dizzy height of 180 feet? Did you know that the Chapel towers are each 140 feet high? Did you know that the little ball on top the flag pole is approximately 100 feet from the terra firma? Well, if you didn't know these things you could never fully appreciate the sky line of Collegeville.

### Stalking the Seniors

This portion of the Local column should be headed "Personals—Very Personal." It is the Winchell column of Collegeville. Just like a blue serge suit it picks up all the dirt. Seniors, beware!

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The Government should put Frank Gannon on its payroll. Every day he delivers the mail, and the worst part of it is that he never gets a letter for himself. The things closest to a letter he has gotten in the past three years is one flower seed advertisement and a Sears and Roebuck catalogue. Oh yes, he did get a letter about a month ago—for football.

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The Seniors are doing well in the Biology Laboratory. In all his life, a person never saw such a bunch of cut-ups as when those lads use the scalpel. Louie Balback has been specializing in freak specimens. Probably another instance of "Birds of a feather flock together," or it may be that Louie believes in the principle, "Know thyself."

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The other day Dom Pallone got a letter from his aunt, and now he wants to know if he can join the Monogram Club. Good 'ole Dom, is always good for a 'laff.'

---

Tony Traser complains of having his head. Maybe his bed is too blisters on his feet and bumps on short.



### Easter Vacation!

Thursday, November 23, was a great day for the students of St. Joe. It was on this day that the announcement was made that the students will be given an Easter vacation this school year. The va-

cation will begin Tuesday, March 27, and end Monday, April 2. The fellows have been so enthusiastic over the Easter vacation that they have almost forgotten that there is a Christmas vacation near at hand.





# Clubs



## COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

FROM behind the mammoth steel doors opening onto St. Joe's stage, have been coming secretive whispers. For the last few weeks it has been known that a big production is well underway. The air of learning and quiet, so conspicuous in the library, was often rudely shattered during the early evening hours of the past few weeks by the clatter of a tin basin crashing to the floor, a story below. It is even said that shouts of "Peel! Peel!" were unaccountably heard from time to time. What all this mystery was about, no one knew, except that "Believe Me, Xantippe" was in the last stages of development. And then—everyone held his breath—then the big night came. The curtain rose!

"It was the night before Thanksgiving and all through the auditorium not a creature was stirring not even a—" well, it is just a silly reference; that expresses the situation exactly. When the luxurious apartment scene was discovered empty, the audience craned their necks, searching for something unusual. They had not long to wait. Presently George MacFarland came ramting in like a lion, in a savage humor. Then a friend, Brown, entered. From this point on, the story moved swiftly. There is a wager made that Mac could elude all police officers for a year. A detective friend of Brown's is asked to raise the ante

to twenty thousand dollars. Mac foils the plan of immediate capture as had been planned, in consequence the first act ends with the discovery on the part of Sole, the detective, that his hat has been stolen by Mac, who makes a hurried exit.

Deep and eerie was the appearance of the stage at the curtain rise of the second act. A door opened and a great bear of a man came to the table, lit a candle and—"Dolly!" Entered Dolly, a vivacious, self-willed little girl of the west. She cajoled her father, the sheriff, into allowing her to stay another day to hunt deer. As they left, Mac entered. Dolly returned and recognized him as a criminal. She captured both him and a desperado, Simp Calloway, as the curtain fell upon applause and much laughter.

Act three shows a romantic development between Dolly and Mac. Meanwhile sheriff Kamman has been called away to track certain bank robbers. Mac, caught just a week before his year of eluding the police was up, wires Sole and Brown to come and get him. He seems to wilt when informed by telegram that Sole and Brown have been drowned. Sing-Sing for him!

Dolly, having been convinced by Mac that he is innocent, is determined to keep him from prison and helps, or rather forces, him to attempt escape. While Dolly's fath-



er is raising old-time cane about the affair, Brown and Sole come rushing into the room. Both prove to be very much alive. Dolly now rushes out to find Mac, but finds that her Aunt Martha, a very nervous old lady has beat her to it in the hunt. Things finally clear up beautifully with Mac and Dolly

ready to live happily ever after.

William McKune, Charles Kelty, Dominic Altieri, Alfred Horrigan, Charles Scheidler, Carl Vandagriff, Rudolph Kuhn, Joseph Allgeier, Edward Fisher, and William Pank appeared in the cast. THE COLLEGIAN gives the players three big cheers and hearty congratulations.

### D. M. U.

The third meeting of the Dwenger Mission Unit, held November 11, will go down in the annals of the society as one of the best and most interesting meetings it has ever had. An ardent mission zeal permeated the entire assembly, as many mission topics were discussed.

Following the mission meeting, the first Catholic Action program of the year was held; led by its

able leader, Edward Fischer. The speakers on the program were Vincent Nels, who stressed "The Need of Catholic Action," and Charles Kelty, whose topic was "Catholic Action Carries on Despite the Depression." William McKune and his orchestra entertained the assembly with such delightful compositions as "Blue Danube," "Italian Melodies," and "Bells of Avalon."

### Newman Club

A certain intangible something seems to have taken the high-school Seniors by storm. For want of better words to describe it, tradition calls it the grand old spirit of the Newman Club. Like the scholarly Cardinal Newman from whom the club derives its name, it shows signs of wielding a tremendous power in Collegeville literary circles.

The way the Newmans have been putting on their repertoire of readings and debates, and the facility

they have shown in fathoming the intricacies of Parliamentary Law gives fair warning that the C. L. S. will have to look to their laurels when the Newmans put on their first public program on the night of December the seventeenth.

The drama that has been chosen is a three act mystery play, "The Silent Shape," and reports have it that it is a thriller, so if you have a weak heart, stay away.

### Raleigh Club

At last it's come! No longer will the pool room managers spend sleepless nights worrying about it. No longer do the club radio receivers

resemble a huddle on the gridiron. As "Schnozzola" would say "—let bells ring out, let trumpets blare; What is the cause of all this cele-

bration—?" No, not Ruth Etting! The pool room radio has arrived in the garb of a magnificent, mahogany cabinet set. It is really the finishing touch to "Club Annex," lending it that homey atmosphere.

Speaking of atmosphere, the ozone in the Club is becoming charged with expectancy. Somehow the news got about that the orchestra has received a few new numbers. Besides this, a couple of pests, occasionally referred to as Vernon and Carl, more often Red and Vandy, by their fellow pests, have been spreading it abroad that they have turned musical. An orchestration to a piece, composed by Vandy during the summer, seems to be in the process of construction. The intention is to introduce it under the masterful baton of Bill McKune.

Be patient, fellows! The big program is not far off anymore.

Of late the card tables in the club have been noticeably quieter than usual. Faces are grave, sombre masks when clustered about the leather tops. Then suddenly a wild yell shatters the silence, together with several pairs of eardrums. As the smoke blew away after one of these vociferations, it was discovered that Chester Bowling had won the bridge tournament. Pinochle is the big game being contested just at present. The writer is awaiting the outcome before rushing the copy to press. Vernon Rosenthal is the lucky man.

We hope you ping-pong and five-hundred players are in training. The time is approaching when all your skill will be needed.

### Monogram Club

"Variety is the spice of life," at least that is what the men parading "J's" about the campus think. No more stuffy, smoke-filled rooms for them. In the far north-west corner of the gymnasium, an ordinary room is metamorphosing into a very cosy, comfortable club room.

It is the intention of the letter men to light their new abode not by glaring bulbs from the ceiling, but by softly shaded lamps

of the floor and table variety. Some of these lighting units have already been purchased.

A new paint "job" has worked wonders with the old junior pool room. Shaded green walls set off with a snowy white ceiling should make a habitat that anybody might envy.

The Monogram Club should be an exceedingly interesting organization when it becomes ready for action.



# SPORTS

## ST. JOE DOWNS KOKOMO COLLEGE 22-10

THE St. Joe Cardinals took full measure of the Kokomo Junior College quintet 22-10 in the opening game of the season here on the night of December 1. The Kokomo Collegiates presented a much flashier and niftier aggregation this year but were not able to cope with the ever-confident attack of the Cardinals. So St. Joe chalked up one more.

The swish of the ball in the nets, and the dull sound of leather on hardwood had stopped; Kokomo's white suits were paired with the Cardinal and Purple of St. Joe; the balcony and bleachers were nearly hushed; vibration of the strain of music from the school band was still curling in the air; everything was expectancy as Referee Strole tossed the leather sphere up at center and shrieked the whistle which popped off the valve of St. Joe's basketball season. The Cardinals went about their work slow; ever feeling out the strength of their opponents. A degree of surprise was evident when the Redbirds saw they were up against a good Kokomo College five, led by a lanky, tough center. The first five or six minutes of the game saw the Cardinals playing a sample of the brand of basketball they can play. But soon this wore off, and St. Joe fell back into the mediocre class—which happens too often—a class of any ordinary rank of team. The Cardinals were off; was it due to strong opposition?

Hardly that. Was it due, then, to this game being the first of the season? That seems a more logical explanation; anyway let the fellows take this for granted providing St. Joe sees some real basketball on the afternoon of December 3.

St. Joe's Cardinals gave evidence of knowing the fundamentals of passwork, but somehow their pass game wasn't clicking. Downey and Fontana led the scoring for the Cardinals with six and five points respectively. The whole team played almost air-tight defense to keep Kokomo's score down as much as possible.

### Line-up and Summary

St. Joseph's Coll. (22)	FG	FT	P
Downey, rf	3	0	0
Bruskotter, rf	0	0	0
Hession, lf	0	1	0
Traser, lf	2	0	0
Fontana, c	2	1	3
Petit, c	0	0	0
Shank, c	1	0	0
Scheidler, rg	1	0	0
Horrigan, lg	1	0	0
Beeler, lg	0	0	0
Kokomo College (10)	FG	FT	P
Betts, rf	1	1	0
Quinn, lf	1	0	1
Thompson, c	2	1	0
Nolan, c	0	0	0
Schwenger, rg	0	0	2
Schockley, rg	0	0	0
Elvin, lg	0	0	0

Referee—Strole (Butler).

Timekeeper—Biven (St. Joe).

# ST. JOE LOSES TO C. M. CLUB

An uninspired, though a hard fighting St. Joe varsity dropped a tough battle with the C. M. Club of St. Cyril of North Judson, Indiana, by a score of 22-25. The Cardinals were again not playing up to the standard they set for themselves last year, and this time defeat was their share of the spoils—the first time the Cardinals lost a game on their home floor. The game was an unimpressive one—both quintets were lacking the fine smoothness of an aggressive team of rank. The Cardinal men seldom shot long, but missed an innumerable amount of short and cripple shots. The record shows that St. Joe missed 8 out of 12 foul shots and thus failed to gather a sufficient number of points for victory. St. Cyril's aggregation showed a delicate eye for the basket, and its bevy of long heaves twirled the brown globe racing through the cords for a discouraging amount of digits. Hence the tale (in a nutshell if you wish); the Clubmen were hitting and the Cardinals weren't.

But the game wasn't all blue roses even if the Cardinals did lose. The first half was close, ending in a 12-8 margin for St. Cyril. The start of the second half saw the upstaters forge into the lead, pulling their mercury up until it registered 20, while the Cardinals couldn't make a point. Then Captain Scheidler plugged the circle for two baskets in quick succession, and St.

Joe started to rally. But this spurt died away, and the ball was tossed and heaved and passed and shot around for a few minutes without any changes in the score. Then Shank, St. Joe's new lanky pivot man, opened another rally which nearly turned the tide. Andres, a new Cardinal breaking into the lineup for the first time, tickled the nets with three beautiful mid-court shots in four attempts, and the score board was supporting a 22-23 score. But fate decreed that Beeler, who was acting Captain in Rusty Scheidler's absence, must miss a technical foul, and soon afterwards another St. Cyril toss was lucrative, setting the final score of the game. And so another melee saw the Cardinal quintet still failing to click; but with one victory and one defeat in two starts, everybody hopes to see the Cardinals of old passing dizzy streaks past their opponents, blocking for openings, and shooting the drapes from the iron circles.

## Lineup and summary:

St. Joseph's (22)	FG	FT	P
Downey, rf -----	2	0	2
Bruskotter, rf -----	0	0	0
Hession, lf -----	0	0	0
Traser, lf -----	0	0	2
Fontana, c -----	0	3	0
Shank, c -----	1	0	0
Scheidler, rg (Capt.) --	2	1	3
Beeler, rg -----	1	0	2
Horrigan, lg -----	0	0	0
Andres, lg -----	3	0	1



St. Cyril's (25)	FG	FT	P	Geraci, rg	-----	5	2	1	
D. Dolezal, rf	-----	0	0	2	R. Dolezal, lg	-----	0	0	1
F. Dolezal, lf	-----	1	1	2	Referee. Strole (Butler.)				
Vessely, rf	-----	3	0	0	Timekeeper: Biven (St. Joe).				
C. Dolezal, c.	-----	2	0	2					

ROSTER OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL TEAM

Name	Age	Height	Weight	Cls.	Yr.	Home
1. Andres	17	5' 8"	150	3		Peru, Ind.
2. Armbuster	18	6'	175	5		Zanesville, O.
3. Beeler	18	5' 10"	135	5		Glendale, Ky.
4. Bruskotter	17	5' 11"	148	4		Ottawa, O.
5. Bubala	17	5' 11"	153	4		Whiting, Ind.
6. Companick	19	5' 10"	155	3		Whiting, Ind.
7. Downey	18	6'	180	5		Lima, O.
8. Fontana	19	5' 11"	176	6		Louisville, Ky.
9. Hession	18	5' 11"	163	5		Lafayette, Ind.
10. Horrigan	19	6' 2"	163	6		Louisville, Ky.
11. Kostka	19	6'	154	5		Detroit, Mich.
12. Minick	18	5' 11"	153	5		Fort Wayne, Ind.
16. Shank	19	6' 3"	174	5		Lima, O.
14. Petit	19	6' 1'	171	6		Vergil, Ill.
15. Scheidler	19	6'	190	6		Greensburg, Ind.
13. O'Grady	18	6'	172	5		Winamac, Ind.
17. Schmelter	15	6'	175	3		Crown Point, Ind.
18. Traser	22	6' 2"	168	6		Lima, O.
19. Van Nevel	17	5' 11"	150	4		Mishawaka, Ind.
20. Voors	16	6'	150	2		Fort Wayne, Ind.
21. Zimmerman	18	5' 9"	150	4		Gary, Ind.

Coach: Raymond DeCook.  
Student Managers: Joseph Leuterman, John Elder, Vetter Biven.

INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL

**Fifths Trounce Fourths 21-0**  
The College Freshmen, using deceptive strategem and hard driving plunges, showed decided improvement in routing the scrappy Fourths. The Freshmen made use of their opportunities and scored on two intercepted passes. Samis, Mores, and Suelzer led the winners' attack; Zim-

merman, showing fine kicking ability; McNamara and Froelich played outstandingly for the High-School Seniors.  
**Fourths, 0; Thirds, 0**  
College field was the scene of a nip and tuck contest between the Thirds and Fourth, and the score at the end of the game stood

much as it was before the game, still 0-0. The Fourths gained consistently, working their way deep into the Thirds' territory, but the final punch for a score wasn't there.

Muresan plunged hard for the Fourths, but the defensive work of Ryan and Junk kept him from rolling up points.

### Seniors and College Frosh Tie 0-0

As the grand finale of St. Joe's 1933 football season, the Seniors and Frosh, always friendly rivals, fought a hard and gruelling game to neither team's particular advantage. Mores, the Fifth year triple-threat man, led his teammates in advancing the

ball far into the opponent's territory, but the Senior cohorts each time held them for no score. Rosenthal's superior punting and Fischer's elusive and speedy ball toting were the doom of the Fifth year's hope for undisputed supremacy.

### Senior League All Star Team

At the close of each football season, a sports committee gathers in order to choose, what is considered in its estimation, an All-Star

intramural team. This year the committee has selected the following men as the most representative in St. Joe's intramural league.

### Intramural All-Star Team

L. E. Sulkowski

L. T. Speigle

L. G. Franz

R. E. Heinzen

R. T. Eilerman

R. G. Kreinbrink

C. Suelzer

Q. B. Zimmerman

L. H. B. Rosenthal

R. H. B. Fischer (C)

F. B. Samis

Honorable Mention: Junk, Ryan, Froelich, Heckman, Cavanaugh, Nels, Mores, Thornbury and Hoshock.







# Humor



Waiter: "Sir, when you eat here you do not need to dust off the plate."

Customer: "Beg pardon, force of habit. I'm an umpire."

---

"Ever see one of them machines that can tell when a person is lying?"

"Seen one? Great Scott, I married one."

---

Said Casey to Dooley: "Ye're a har-rd worrucker, Dooley; how many hods of mortar have yez carried up that ladder today?"

"Whist, man!" said Dooley, "I'm foolin' the boss, I've carried the same hodful up an' down all day an' he thinks I'm worrkin'!"

---

Judgment day isn't the only time when all your past sins are revealed. Try running for office.

---

"Should I marry a man who lies to me?"

"Lady, do you want to be an old maid?"

---

We have a new and clumsy maid,  
Having lost our careful Dinah;  
The new one we've nicknamed "Jap,"  
She is hard on China.

McKune: "Hurrah, five dollars for my latest story!"

Welch: "Congratulations. From whom did you get the money?"

McKune: "From the express company; they lost it."

---

Dentist: "I'm afraid I'll have to drill."

Suelzer: "What's the matter? Can't you fix my teeth without a rehearsal?"

---

A true patriot is anybody who cheers lustily because he has to pay more.

---

Labadie: "Is my face dirty or is it my imagination?"

Justin: "Well, your face is clean, but I don't know about your imagination."

---

In a women's contest recently held in a Minnesota town, Mrs. Peterson won the rolling pin throwing contest by hurling the pin 75 feet.

In the same contest, Mr. Peterson won the 100-yard dash.

---

Joe Study says—"Working your way through college is easy if you can work your way through the backfield."

Medieval Mother: "Hast Sir Gordon yet asked thee for thine hand in wedlock?"

Daughter: "Not yet, Mother, but the knight is still young."

---

Coach: "You big tramp, what did you miss that pass for?"

Player: "But, Coach, dear, you know it is more blessed to give than to receive."

---

Bellhop (after the guest has rung for ten minutes): "Did you ring sir?"

Guest: "Well, no; I was tolling; I thought you were dead."

---

"What is your son taking in college?"

"All I've got."

---

Do you know that—

Skeleton keys are not made to open deadlocks.

A gumdrop, is not a decline in the rubber market.

Washington got his first ride when he took a hack at the cherry tree.

---

The politician rushed into the editor's office. "What do you mean by insulting me in last night's paper?" he roared.

"Just a moment," replied the editor. "Didn't the story appear as you gave it to us, namely, that you had resigned as City Treasurer?"

"It did. But you put it under the head, 'Public Improvements,' stormed the politician.

My friend laughed when I spoke to the waiter in French, but the joke was on him. I told the waiter to give him the check.

---

"Who is that guy with the long hair?"

"He's a guy from Yale."

"Oh, I've often heard of those Yale locks."

---

The lady shopper had ordered about everything hauled down from the shelves.

"I don't see just the right thing," she decided at last. "I want to surprise my husband on his birthday."

"Well," suggested the exhausted and disgusted salesman, "why don't you hide behind a chair and yell 'boo' at him."

---

Junkman: "Any rags or other junk?"

Man of the house: "No, my wife is away."

Junkman: "Any bottles?"

---

The fellow who first hung a derby hat over the end of a cornet was the first man to find out where it looks best.

---

Veteran: "Anyhow, there's one advantage to having a wooden leg."

Friend: "What's that?"

Veteran: "You can hold your socks up with thumb tacks."

---

Our idea of shell shock is something that the cook suffers when she opens an ancient egg.



Many a shaft at random sent  
Finds marks the archer little meant.  
And many a smile from a lassie kind,  
Is not for you, but the guy behind.

---

Sponar: "You say you were twins  
once?"

Walsh: "Yah, my folks have a  
picture of me when I was two."

---

"This is certainly a slow town."

"Slow? It's so slow, they arrested a mail man the other day. They thought that he was a Confederate soldier."





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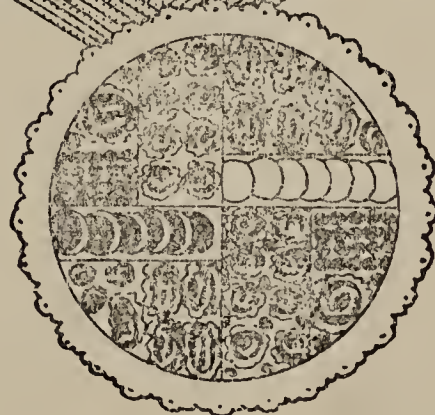
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